

BREAD.

Beautiful loaves of bread,  
Crisp and golden brown,  
Whose wholesome fragrance maketh glad  
The heart of king or clown;  
Outside, the hue of the wheat,  
As it bent in the sun of June  
Or lay in heaps of yellow bronze,  
In the light of the harvest moon;  
And inside, sweet as the scent  
Of tasseling heads of corn,  
And light as the sprays of the valley mist  
That float in the wake of the morn.  
In homes of wealth and ease,  
The board is richly spread,  
But what would the choicest viands be  
If there was lack for bread.  
And in the humble home—  
The cottage small and gray,  
The poor man's wife, in calico frock,  
Cheerily works away.  
Her eyes are clear with health,  
Her dimpled cheeks are red,  
And she sings a tender old-time song,  
As she kneads her sweet brown bread.  
Homely and wholesome bread—  
This is our need each day,  
From the millionaire in his mansion grand,  
To the beggar beside the way.  
The daily physical want  
Of nations from pole to pole,  
An humble type of the heavenly bread  
That feedeth the hungry soul.  
And do we comprehend,  
When our daily prayer is said,  
How great the gift we ask of God,  
When we ask for our daily bread?  
—Hattie Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

A LONE OLD WOMAN.

It Was Her Old Country Home That She Wished For.

Mrs. Allen was ready for bed. She put up her hand to turn out the gas, and drew it away again and stood looking down.  
"I'm getting so I don't say my prayers no more. I wonder what I'm coming to?"  
Her small face, framed in by her lace-edged nightcap, was wrinkled and old, but there was a childlike smile about her small mouth and her clear blue eyes.  
"I don't know what Thomas would say. I suppose he sees me faltering here now, with my heart all set against God and rebellious."  
She turned out the gas, and went and stood by the window, looking out. She could see the people passing back and forth in the street below. An electric car, with a queer buzzing noise, crossed the street where the swell fronts of high brick houses, their small squares of grass in front looking dully green in the artificial light.  
"There's another electric car coming, sounds for all the world like a crashing machine. I can see the wheels, and the men oh 'em, and the horses pitching, and the meadow between our house and Henning's—and wad! I never would have thought said have done it. Well, I couldn't do anything else. I couldn't live on alone. Seems like trying to pray a brick oven here. I ought to be thankful I had a daughter to come to."  
Tears came into her eyes and rolled down her cheeks unheeded. "There's my papers in the bureau drawer says David Comings owns my place, and I've got no right to anywhere."  
She came out from behind the curtains, and dropped on her knees by the door, her small body trembling with grief. After a moment she got up and went into bed, and pulled the bedclothes up around her, and buried her face in them.  
The door was opened softly, and one came into the room.  
"Are you here, mother?"  
"Yes, I'm here. I've gone to bed, I'm pretty tired. I thought I'd go to bed. My voice, controlled, had no note of unhappiness.  
"Why, I didn't know you'd gone to bed. Edwin's gone out, and I wonder where you were." She came to the room and sat down on the bed.  
"Do you want anything? What do you say to bed, I wonder?"  
"I don't know. Nothing, I guess. I wanted to get to bed. I'm all right."  
The boys are studying. I thought I have a little time to ourselves; I'm glad you've gone to bed if you wanted to. I wish I was in bed myself, but I'm going to sit up till Edwin comes and keep the boys company. I won't study if they're not held to study night. I'll go down and let them to sleep." She stooped over and kissed her mother, and then went out closed the door.  
Mrs. Allen sat up and looked around dimly-lighted room with its rich hangings, and at the high windows with their softly swaying lace curtains. Perhaps after May's past I won't like it like I do. Seems as if I ought to sell the apple blossoms through the windows. All the noises are so together, and mean nothing here." She lay down again, and listened busily. At last the sounds in the hall grew more confused, and she almost asleep.  
"What are you doing?"  
"Started, and sat up in bed. 'Matie, it you?"  
"Small face looked in at the half-opened door. "It's me, grandma. Did you? Mamma sent me up to bed, and if you were awake, see if I wanted anything. I tried to be the boy opened the door, and went into the room. "Don't you want anything?"  
"I guess not, Harry. I was about to go to bed."  
"Don't you want a glass of water by bed? Mamma said you'd better get it." He held the door half open, squeaked it back and forth.  
"I never have to drink nights." "Your bell where you can reach it, want anything?"  
"It's right here by the bed." "Well, good night. I hope you'll feel in the morning, grandma."

"Good night, dear; I guess I will."

He shut the door, and she heard him going down the stairs two steps at a time.  
The peace of unconsciousness again fell around her, and the loneliness and homesickness that she felt so keenly amid all this care were forgotten. Her happiness had always been in ministering to others.  
With the first light of morning she woke again. Somewhere a rooster was crowing, with as vigorous and hearty a cheer as ever a barn-yard fowl broke into the dawn.  
She listened, but there was no answering call; just that one repeated over and over again.  
"Well, I never heard the like! Seems as if he was just put there to wake me up to think what I want to get away from. I don't see how he has any heart to crow into all this hollowness."  
The deep grassy yard around her old home, heavy with dew, and the early morning music of the farm, came so clear to her. Thoughts of the forty years of her married life and the joys and sorrows she had lived through with Thomas crowded again into her mind.  
After long hours, when she heard the servants stirring about the house, she got up and dressed, and went out into the hall and down the stairs. The great rooms below seemed more empty and desolate than her own. She felt no part or place anywhere in them. Her stooped little figure, reflected in the long mirrors, looked dwarfed and unnatural to her. She straightened the lavender bows on her cap before one of them, and went and sat down at a window in the back of the room.  
The early morning hours until now had always been so full of duties. There had been the breakfast to get for Thomas; and before her two daughters had married and gone away she had had her thought and care for them; and there had been the chickens to feed and the milk to skim.  
She folded her hands, and looked out of the window. There was a small yard, high walled, with two trees, and worn grass growing around the edges. A box with slats nailed across the front stood under one of the trees, and thrusting his head between the slats was the rooster who had disturbed her rest.  
"If I could get down to you I'd let you out, you poor creature," she said aloud.  
"Well, you'd have Billie Moore after you if you did, grandma." One of her grandsons had come into the room.  
"What's the sense in his shutting that rooster up that way? He couldn't get away if he wanted to, over those brick walls."  
"I don't know. Billie only got him yesterday. The old thing woke me up at daylight."  
"He woke me up, too," she said, with a weary sigh.  
"Breakfast's ready; they're all at the table. Mamma sent me to look for you."  
"I didn't suppose it was so late."  
They went out to the table in the large dining-room, where the others were waiting. A servant was bringing in the breakfast. This was always a happy meal in this happy family. Matie and her husband talked of their own interests and the three boys kept up a steady little stream of conversation.  
They were all very kind and thoughtful of her, and she condemned herself for her feelings of separation and loneliness. She tried to believe that she was beginning to find her place in this home which was not her own.  
After breakfast she wandered restlessly about the house for some time, and at last put on her bonnet and shawl, and said she was going out for a little walk.  
Matie offered to go with her, or send one of the boys.  
"No, I want to go alone. I don't want to be dependent for every step I take. There don't seem to be anything for me to do in the house. I've got to get out and breathe or I'll chafe."  
"I wish you'd let me send Mary with you, anyway, mother. I'll worry all the time about you."  
Mrs. Allen turned toward her daughter, the tears springing to her eyes.  
"Well, Matie, I ain't so helpless I need a nurse to trundle me around yet."  
"Why, mother, I didn't mean you were, but you know, it isn't like going out into the country alone."  
"No, it ain't," Mrs. Allen said, turning away.  
She went on out of the front door, and down into the noisy street. There was a freedom in its strangeness that she had not found in the big house. She walked straight on for some distance, until she came out into one of the main business streets of the city. It was only one of our small western cities, but it lost none of its importance to her in not being London.  
The crowd jostling past had the bright activity and untired interest of the morning. A stream of shoppers was already beginning to pour into the stores. The street was full of cars and carts and farm wagons.  
She had driven in from the farm with Thomas and reached the city at just this hour many times. It was all familiar to her in that way. They had brought in butter and eggs or a load of grain, and done their shopping, or spent the day with Matie, and driven home in the cool of the evening. Always when she was on the street she was watching the farm wagons in hopes of seeing some one that came from near the old home.  
"That looks for all the world like Henning's wagon hitched down there in front of that store. It is! Why, I declare, it is! Those are our old horses!" As she came nearer, one of the horses turned his head and looked at her, and then she was sure that she was not mistaken. "You know me, don't you? I do believe he knew my walk," she said, as she came up to them. The other horse gave a low whinny. "So do you, don't you, old Billy? I don't forget you, either." The horse put his head down against her, with a quiet rub. "I know; you want sugar. Thomas taught you that." She put one arm over the horse's neck and patted his face. "It makes me more homesick

than ever to see you, and I believe you feel about the same."

People passing looked at the little old woman and smiled, and hurried on. It was only one of the queer sights one sees every day on the city streets.  
Mr. Henning came across the sidewalk from the store door.  
"Well, hello! Where did you drop from?" he shouted, in surprise. The utter unconsciousness of every one and everything else around him was on his broad hearty face. He shook his hand hard. "Well, I'd as soon thought of finding a needle in a haystack as looking to meet you this way."  
"I saw these horses, and I had to speak to them. They looked just like Thomas to me," she said, looking at him with glistening eyes.  
"Well, I should think they would, long as you rid behind them with him."  
"How are all the folks out our way? Is there any news?"  
"I suppose you know about our old place, don't you?"  
"I know it's sold. I got the papers yesterday." She took out her handkerchief and wiped her eyes.  
"Yes; but have you heard what great improvements he's going to make?"  
"No; I ain't seen nobody from out there since the funeral till now."  
"Why, he's going to move a way the old house and build a big new one—biggest one anywhere around, they say."  
She put out one of her hands as if to find support. "Going to move away the old house?"  
"Yes; I suppose he'll use it to make more shed room. It'll brighten up the old place considerable, won't it?"  
"Yes, it will brighten up the old place considerable," she repeated after him. "Are you going out home now?"  
"Well, in about an hour or so. I have some flour and things to get then I'm ready. Any word you'd like to send?"  
"I was thinking if you'd take me out with you, I'd like to go and see the old place again. I'd like to see it before it's moved away."  
"Why, yes, I'll be glad to take you, and Mrs. Henning will be glad to have you make us a visit, I know. I'll stop around for you on my way out, shall I?"  
"Yes, I'll be all ready when you come by."  
It was the middle of May, and the cherry-trees were in full bloom, and the apple buds were pink. Out into the spring sweetness, trusting her poor old heart into the past, she went, much against Matie's desire and her own better judgment.  
It had been only such a short time since, in the happiness of long contentment, she had driven over that same road with Thomas. And now she was going out to the old home for the last time. She would never go again. Perhaps after this things would begin to seem different, and she would begin to be thankful. There was so much for which she should be thankful.  
It was a long ride, and she was very tired. It was dark when they finally came out into an opening beyond a half-circle of woods.  
Mr. Henning pointed off across a meadow, where a light twinkled brightly.  
"I suppose you know where you are now?" he asked.  
"That's your house, and here's ours. I want to stop. I want to get out and go in."  
"Oh, I wouldn't stop here to-night. It's late, and you're tired. You wait till morning, and Mrs. Henning will come over with you."  
"No, I want to stop now. I—I couldn't go by and not."  
Mr. Henning helped her out, and sat waiting for her in the wagon while she went in through the little gate and between the lilac-bushes alone.  
A little old weather-beaten house, half covered with honeysuckles and Virginia creepers. A deep grassy yard. An old home that through forty years of shade and shine had held the heart's love of this one lone old woman. She pushed open the unlocked door and went in.  
Everything was in its place. The clock ticked on the mantle and the kettle was boiling on the hearth. Thomas' old hat and coat hung on their accustomed hook by the other door, and Thomas looked up and smiled at her from his chair by the window, as he had done in those last days. There was no emptiness to her in those bare rooms. All the reality life had ever held for her, or ever could hold for her, was here.  
After awhile Mr. Henning called to her, and finally came up the path and led her away—Gertrude Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

AN ELOQUENT AGENT.

She knew All the Conveniences of Modern Flat Life.  
The proprietor of a large building in one of the eastern cities which contains several "flats" or living apartments on the upper floors says that he never succeeded in renting these apartments readily until he employed a very eloquent Irishwoman as janitress or agent for the care and letting of them.  
Several times the graceful "blarney" of this excellent woman has secured a customer where a less gifted agent would probably have failed.  
"Kinvarneyences, is it?" says she to applicants for the rooms. "Sure, it's hot en' could wather at all hours of the day an' night agreeable to yer tashte, an' set tools that would make a washerwoman o' the quane of England by preference!"  
"Are the rooms comfortably warmed?" asks an inquirer.  
"Are they wahrmel!" with a surprised air. "Sure, wid a slight turn o' yer wrist ye have anny degray o' temperatuer known to the thermometer."  
"But the staircase—is that easy to go up?"  
"Now, thin," says the eloquent agent, as if she were reaching the climax of all the wonderful advantages of the building. "The staircase is that easy that whin ye're goin' oppye would well believe that ye're comin' down!"  
The intending tenant usually capitulates at this point.—Arkansas Traveler.

GRESHAM'S APPOINTMENT.

Mr. Cleveland's Action in Keeping with Democratic Principles.  
In all essentials, Judge Gresham is a democrat. His sympathies are now and always have been heartily with the people. He is opposed now, he always has been opposed, to the idea that, in a republic where every citizen is supposed to be upon an equality before the law with every other citizen, the agency of government shall be used to favor one class at the expense of another. As a cabinet officer and as a judge he has been clearly opposed to the encroachments of corporate power upon the rights and interests of the great body of the people. For many years, though sprung from a democratic family in Indiana, he has acted with the republican party. That he was a devoted soldier who shed his blood freely in the cause of the union would not stamp him necessarily as a republican, because, as a matter of fact, many of the best men who took arms in defense of the union were themselves democrats. He was upon the federal bench of Indiana. He took place under Chester A. Arthur, first as postmaster general and next as secretary of the treasury. In both positions he was in hearty accord with the administration which, had it been harkened to by the great body of the republican party, might have been able to perpetuate that party in authority, for it was an administration that saw clearly that the time had come when high tariff taxation must be abolished and that steps must be taken to relieve the people of the union from the burden which a protected interest was desirous of continuing in their own behalf. When McKinleyism became dominant in the republican party Judge Gresham ceased to be a republican, though he did not formally withdraw from association with that party. His declaration last summer in behalf of the candidacy of Grover Cleveland was the courageous proceeding of an honest man. Feeling strongly the need of tariff reduction and discovering that the republican party was bent absolutely on perpetuating war tariffs in the interests of a class, he could have no other position in the canvass, as an honest man, meaning well by the republic, than support of Cleveland, and, courageous as he is honest, he made his declaration accordingly.  
In inviting Judge Gresham to his cabinet Grover Cleveland has proceeded wisely, for the judge is one who is near the hearts of the people, because they recognize in him sterling worth as a citizen. If the judge take a portfolio with Cleveland it will be evidence of the devotion of his patriotism, since to retire from the bench will be the loss of certainty of provision for his old age for the uncertainties of public life in another direction. The judge is genial and even-tempered. One of the people, he has never, whatever his position, assumed airs of authority. As soldier, cabinet officer, or judge he has been uniformly simple in his habits of life, approachable and truthful. Clear-headed, single-minded, sincere and patriotic, Judge Gresham in the cabinet of Grover Cleveland will be what under all circumstances it is manifest he has always desired to be—a useful servant of the people, earnestly desirous of perpetuating a pure, simple, honest, helpful republican form of government.—Chicago Times.

MR. BLAINE'S VIEWS.

The Late Statesman's View of the Fate of the Republican Party.  
The most interesting of the letters of the late Hon. James G. Blaine, posthumously published, is given to the public by the Boston Globe. The name of its recipient is not printed for obvious reasons, but the letter itself throws a flood of light upon the position taken by Mr. Blaine toward the republican party for the last two years of his life. It reads:  
17 MADISON PL., WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, NOV. 8, 1890.  
MY DEAR MRS. —: Mrs. Blaine hands me your entertaining note because she considers me the party in interest, both as regards dots and politics. Thanks for the substantial wheat and thanks for the sound advice in the field of politics. The hopeless feature is that the younger men who controlled the last house are in the majority in the party. They resemble the beggar on horseback who always rides to the devil.  
— and —, with only four or five others, are all that remain of that magnificent party that carried the country through untold perils between 1861 and 1869. But we are all "old fogies."  
I confess I do not look forward with confidence to the fate of the republican party. The power was in their hands after the victory of 1888, but the patrimony has been wasted as a spendthrift throws away his fortune. It is difficult to find a second "breath of luck."  
Very sincerely, JAMES G. BLAINE.  
Mr. Blaine's hostility to the three great measures of republican policy during the last four years, the McKinley tariff, the force bill, and the silver act of 1890, he was at little pains to conceal, but it had been generally assumed that such was his confidence in himself that he believed he could induce the party to abandon those measures and under his leadership induce it to start out in different paths. So far as the McKinley tariff was concerned, he succeeded to a considerable extent, for in the late canvass the reciprocity or Blaine feature of the McKinley law was the only feature of that measure, except free sugar, which the republican party undertook to defend.  
This letter shows that two years ago Mr. Blaine regarded himself as having been thrust aside, and expressed no confidence in the fate of the republican party. How steadily events have since confirmed his prediction is current history. The republican party learned nothing from the defeat of 1890 after which Mr. Blaine wrote his frank words. It learned nothing from the equally portentous elections of 1891, and no sign has yet been vouchsafed that it has learned anything from its disastrous defeat of last year. The death of Mr. Blaine has deprived the republican party of the only leader who even in retirement could pull it from the bog of bourbonism into which it has sunk.—Albany Argus.

A DECADENT PARTY.

The Old Republican War Whoop Has Lost Its Terrors.  
If the republican party showed signs of repentance and a desire to reform, its present plight would arouse universal pity. Its leadership is divided and bitter. Most of its membership is at sea as to any line of policy and apparently content to let the party drift along as an organized opposition. It has been discredited by the people and ousted from the control of national affairs. True, some of its ambitious members, who aspire to future recognition, see the necessity of having an issue and are striving to create one. It is an open secret that Gen. Clarkson is tenderly nursing a presidential boom, and he never misses an opening to get before the people. His latest appearance, in denouncing the president for the nomination of Judge Jackson, pretty clearly indicates that the general would revive the bloody-shirt issue which so long served party purposes. A number of influential republican papers have taken the same tack and the fluttering of the sanguinary garment can be seen in several directions. The reasoning of those behind this movement is not difficult to figure out. They expect to gather their campaign material from the proposed revision of the pension lists. They will appeal to the old soldiers and the sectional prejudices so long kept alive by the g. o. p. Of course they are making a mistake, but that is the republican way in these latter years. The civil war can never again be made an issue. Union veterans are not going to rise up with indignant protest because deserters, bounty jumpers and frauds of every class are eliminated from the lips of those receiving pensions from the government. That familiar old war-whoop of the republican party has lost its terrors to the people of the north. It has too often tricked them into a course both unwise and ungenerous. The republican party must be born again before it can hope for even a remote resumption of power. Its victories on war issues have been many, but the last one is scored. Too many men have been born since the war and grave economic questions are now paramount with the people. Mr. Clarkson and his friends will do well to reconsider.—Detroit Free Press.

BUSINESS IN CONGRESS.

Opposition to Filibustering Tactics of Republicans.  
Opinion in congress has undergone a marked change recently with reference to closure.  
There is still no toleration in democratic minds for the methods of the Reed congress. The right of a minority to be heard is held sacred. The right of a minority numbering nearly half the house to obstruct legislation which is dictated by partisan considerations and is believed to be hurtful or dangerous to the country is stoutly contended for. But the right of the house to legislate on important matters without asking the permission of the Kilgore is strongly and properly asserted.  
The killing of the bankruptcy bill the other day by the refusal of a half dozen men to permit a vote upon it was a gross perversion of the "filibustering" privilege. It deprived the country of legislation which the country very much needs and desires.  
It is clearly seen that a stop must be put to obstruction of this character, or congress must abandon its functions as a legislating body. And the house is apparently ready to put a stop to it. When the rule is brought in for the consideration of the Cate-Andrew bill it will have no closure clause. But an amendment fixing a time for a vote upon it will be offered, and the strongest opponents of closure as an instrument of party tyranny declare their purpose to vote for it and for all like amendments in the case of measures of public importance upon which congress ought to vote.  
In brief, congress is disposed to assert its right to do business without first obtaining the consent of every obstreperous self-advertiser who may choose to exhibit himself by dilatory motions. There will be no standing rule of closure, but congress will make one for itself whenever it is minded to have business done.—N. Y. World.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

—Gov. McKinley will find that the good-roads movement came too late to clear his rocky path in Ohio.—N. Y. World.  
—McKinley charges that Gresham is a democrat. The governor assumes that his bill is the Bible of the republican party.—St. Paul Globe.  
—The diminutive portion of the republican press that is abusing Judge Gresham cannot forgive him because he refused to vote for legalized robbery under the name of high protection.—Detroit Free Press.  
—The inventors of newspaper nicknames in the interest of McKinleyism have applied the term "tariff smashers" to the men who favor reform in the plan of raising the national revenue by import duties. The nickname is welcome. Smash the tariff!—Chicago Herald.  
—Whether he enters the cabinet or not Judge Gresham is one of the best men in the politics of the country. It would be a pity, however, to take him from the federal bench, where he is one of the few men who are above the suspicion of being the tools of corporations.—St. Louis Republic.  
—Gen. Clarkson says that President Harrison's cabinet is made up of men unfit to manage a county committee in an Indiana campaign. Should Clarkson ever realize his vaulting ambition he would have Quay, Lodge, Dudley, Davenport and Dave Martin on his staff.—Detroit Free Press.  
—President Harrison seems to be quite inclined to reorganize the army before he leaves. He is filling vacancies and providing promotions at a great rate; but it is doubtful if the army is best served by such action, or that the officers appointed and promoted are the best chosen.—Albany Argus.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for March 8, 1893.—Keeping the Sabbath.—Neh. 13:18-22.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.—Ex. 20:8.  
TIME.—Probably about eighteen years after the last lesson, summer or early autumn (13:18) of B. C. 425 or 427.  
THE INTERVAL.—(1) Nehemiah continued to act as governor at Jerusalem for 15 years, till B. C. 410, the 32d year of Artaxerxes. What Nehemiah did during these years after the dedication of the wall is not recorded, nor are the reasons given why he returned to Susa. He may have been recalled by the king, as was the frequent custom. Sanballat and his other enemies may have so slandered him at the court as to require his presence. Private business may have demanded his attention; or he may have needed a well-earned rest. (2) It is probable that Nehemiah remained away some years, or the abuses he found on his return would not have had time to develop; but he returned before B. C. 425, the year Artaxerxes died, for he obtained permission from him to return (13:6).  
PLACE.—Jerusalem and vicinity.  
EZRA, the scribe, had probably passed away, for his successor, Zedak, is mentioned (13:13). And it is not probable that the great abuses referred to could have arisen had he been at Jerusalem.  
MALACHI, the last of the prophets, belongs to this period or immediately after. "The last chapter of Canonical Jewish history is the key to the last chapter of its prophecy." He was probably a helper of Nehemiah in his reforms.  
CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.—The Peloponnesian war was raging in Greece—431-404. Herodotus, the father of history, was still living. Socrates was teaching in the streets of Athens, and among his pupils were Xenophon (the historian, philosopher and general) and Plato (the tutor of Aristotle), the last two being the greatest philosophers in the ancient world. Pericles, the greatest statesman of Athens, died the year before, B. C. 429.  
LESSON NOTES.  
An Invasion of Evil. During Nehemiah's absence, and doubtless after Ezra's death, the opposition party, which had been silenced and cowed in his presence, took courage and opened the floodgates of evil, so that a deluge of sins rushed in upon the nation like an overwhelming torrent, carrying away the barriers of law and religion, and covenants and promises.  
First. The high priest Eliashib himself desecrated the temple by fitting up one of the temple chambers, built for the storage of tithes, as a dwelling place for the heathen Tobiah, the Ammonite, who was allied in marriage to him (13:4, 5).  
Second. The tithes for the support of the priests and of the temple worship were withheld (Ver. 10), or the poorest of their flocks and herds had been brought for sacrifice, the blind, the torn of wild beasts, the sick, those of little use for themselves (Mal. 1:7, 8; 3:9). Thus they had dishonored God, and robbed Him of His due, and the penalty had fallen upon them.  
Third. They had neglected the temple worship. The services had become wearisome to them (Mal. 1:13), nothing was done except for good pay (Mal. 1:10). People who refused to bring their promised dues, or brought mean sacrifices, would have little interest in public worship.  
Fourth. As a natural consequence, crimes and sins began to rapidly increase—sorcery, adultery, false swearing, oppression, cheating the widow and fatherless (Mal. 3:5), but especially was there a return to the custom of mixed marriages. Eliashib, the high priest's own grandson, Manasseh, married the daughter of the great enemy of the Jews, Sanballat, of Samaria (13:28). Others not only married heathen wives, but put away their true Jewish wives in order to do it. He thus "dealt treacherously against the wife of his youth" (Mal. 2:14-16).  
Fifth. The sin of Sabbath breaking, which is the main subject of our lesson today.  
Nehemiah Repels the Invasion. First. He himself, apparently taking part with his own hands, with great indignation drove Tobiah out of the temple, and restored it to its proper uses. We are reminded of the cleansing of the temple twice by our Lord Jesus, once near the beginning (John 2:13-17) and once near the close (Matt. 21:12, 13) of His ministry. This expulsion of evil from the temple was a type of God's moral cleansings: (1) Of the soul, which was made to be a temple of God, a house of prayer; (2) of the church, where everything which mars its purpose as the house of God for all people, all selfish ends, all worldly seeking, must be cast out.  
Second. Nehemiah reinstated the priests and Levites, who had been compelled to go to their homes and earn their living, since the people refused to support them in their religious work. The services of the temple now went on according to law, and the tithes were brought in. One of the first effects of a religious revival is seen in the restoration to their full power of church services, and the abundant support of the pastor and all needed helpers. A church which had become greatly benighted in its pastor's salary once invited an evangelist to assist them. Learning of the state of things, he refused to begin his services till they had paid the debt, assuring them that the Lord never blessed spiritually a dishonest people (Mal. 3:10).  
Third. Nehemiah, with great indignation and even with bodily punishment, compelled the people to cease from their heathen marriage alliances (13:23-30). He showed them how Solomon himself, the wise and great king, beloved of God, had been led astray by marrying heathen women, and could these people expect to withstand influences which the wisest man failed to resist. He that deliberately runs into temptation is already more than half fallen. He who really wants to be good must pray "Lead us not into temptation, and prevent us all he can to answer his own prayer."  
—It is not difficult to face unpopularity—that requires no great courage; but to turn popularity into unpopularity, to reject an ovation, to convert "Hosannas" into "Crucify Him"—this requires a high degree of courage.—Christian Union.  
—Prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night. At night covering, in the morning armor.—O. Feltham.  
—Conviction is more than opinion, but conviction without courage weakens its force and power.—Young People's Union.